THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER,

No. 103.

If I know how to order these affairs,
Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
Never believe me.——

RICHARD II.

CLEARNESS of intellect, however highly it may be prized by the many, is possessed only by the few. Through most men's minds there runs a muddy current, which adulterates and corrupts the ethereal fluid from which wit and wisdom derive their sustenance.

In a straight-forward path, the multitude may jog on to the end of life's journey, without disgust or weariness. But open a new prospect, oppose an unexpected barrier, increase the difficulties or dangers of the wayfare, and your traveller will either be misled from his object, deterred in his progress, or set down quiescent in misery, rather than toil for happiness.

It is not the intention of the Wanderer to deride the plodding part of the community. Convinced that, like a clock, society has need of a certain portion of lead to preserve the equability of motion, he holds in contempt those only, who, merely intended to make up the quantum of weight, aspire to be the fingers of the dial. Such characters are not uncommon, and those who soberly calculate the propriety of things, are not unfrequently disgusted by unqualified pretenders, or called to extend to inefficient ability the charitable sentiment of unavailing pity. Tom Turbid acquired the impetus towards fame by a commencement oration, which, delivered with vehemence, was supposed to possess the fire of fancy and the glow of genius. The fair ladies were enraptured with his eloquence, and newspaper critics descanted on the profundity of his erudition. Tom recollecting that when a puny lad, his father very frequently repeated a good old maxim, that "what every body says must be true," concluded himself wondrous wise, and shaped his course by the compass of popularity. A few years *attendance*, but not *study*, in the office of an eminent barrister, was sufficient, in Tom's own estimation, to qualify him for the commencement of his tour to the temple of honour. A popular election most opportunely came on the tapis. The virulence of party conjured up every engine to annoy enemies and support friends. Turbid thought this a proper opportunity to distinguish himself, and determined at the previous caucus *to make a speech*, to display the vast powers of his mind, to scatter the flowers of Grecian and Roman eloquence, to astonish and delight his hearers. By an exordium, charged with epithets of opprobrium against political oppo-

nents, and florid panegyrics on political friends, the orator extorted a thunder of applause. He proceeded in his harrangue, but having collected all his materials for the outset, the flash was apparent, but no report ensued. Remote auditors pressed forward, believing that distance prevented their catching the inspiration of his tongue, while those who surrounded him, supposing the vociferation confounded sense, withdrew to learn the tendency of his discourse. He ceased, but plaudits were renewed. Those who were determined to be pleased, would not be disappointed of their purpose.

Sometimes called to Turbid's office by business, I thought the traces of his character were discoverable. Question him on a law point, a dozen books were to be consulted, and those were hidden among a multitude of others so scattered and confounded, that to find them were as difficult a task, as to argue the cause they were intended to elucidate.

I one day followed Tom to court, having learnt he would defend a cause of no inferior magnitude. The judges listened patiently to his argument, for his reputation was still supported, but sometimes were necessitated to remind him that the counsel for the plaintiff might with more propriety adduce his instances, or advance his positions. Reflecting on his character and conduct, I could not but conclude,

"He knew not how to order these affairs."

How often at the corners of our streets is the bawling politician seen. Tim Bluster will seize your button, and pour into the unwilling ear a stream of volubility, till the sense of hearing almost remits its functions. Thrusting himself into public offices, he interrupts every conversation with ill timed remarks, and whether law, physick, divinity, or the nation's safety be the topic, his unceasing impudence is certainly displayed. He is sure to gain a victory over a mere argumentator, for he has the lungs of Stentor, and when he is conscious of weakness in reasoning, he is sure to make up the deficiency by strength of voice. Bluster is a geographer, a soldier, and a prophet. If you will follow him, he will lead you half over Europe in five minutes, and fight the battles of Bonaparte, with as much gallantry, as the Corsican usurper himself. He predicts events, as if he had the *second sight* of a Scotch highlander, and though the event proves contrary nine times out of ten, he will swear it is precisely what he expected, that *he told you so*. Scourge me such empyric from the face of society. I would avoid a perpetual bawler, with as much precaution as I would fly a pestilential vapour, a noxious reptile, or mad bull.

The mere incapacity of men, is their misfortune, not their fault, and if with the ingenuousness of the disturbed monarch, they would at once avow their inability, to "order the affairs" which casualty or mistaken friendship may have "thrust into their hands," the mantle of charity should shroud them from contempt, and the helping hand of vigour extricate them from difficulty. But when I see a statesman without talents still aspire to higher honours, a lawyer without erudition, elbow himself into the seat of judgment, a physician without skill, deal out physick and death, or a priest without piety declaim on those important truths on which rest our hopes of happiness hereafter, I

am ready to exclaim in the language of Shakspeare,

If they know how to order these affairs,
Disorderly thus thrust into their hands,
Never believe me.

With the lash of keen severity, I would drive them to that obscurity which best becomes the political, legal, or ecclesiastical quack. Z.

THE DRAMA,
No. I.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IF, in the course of the present season, we should occasionally furnish you with remarks on some play and performance of the preceding week, you will deserve approbation if you should reject every sentiment inimical to true criticism, and every opinion derogatory to the dignity of truth. On our part, we shall aim to maintain a just independence of observation, being neither wavering through fear, nor rash through revenge. As no invective will ever intimidate our censure, so no flattery shall ever prostitute our commendation. We shall always "speak right on." If we see merit veiled by defect, we shall hope, by unfolding the one, to render the other apparent; but if we can discover only ignorance, we shall consign to contempt, that which never can become corrigible by censure or by praise. When we take *particular* notice of the defects of a performance, it may always be implied, that something has been discovered indicative of merit; for where is the use of criticism, when language is confounded in impropriety, sense huddled in exclamation, and gesture debased by rant?

The Boston company however, it may be generally decided, certainly contains performers, of whom some are censurable for negligence, and some for talents misapplied; but yet are persons of capacity. To hold out an intention of exposing their errors when they commit them, or of praising their merit, whenever it is evinced, would be prompted equally by our duty and their benefit. As we shall confine our remarks to only *one* play during the week, it will offer a temptation to the actors, to exert themselves in *all*; because that which we do notice, will of course be the one, in which we shall find the richest ore to assay. If on the analysis there should be found but little dross in the crucible, it would please the public infinitely more, than it would gratify the malignity of criticism, to find the metal corroded. There are few objects which deserve unqualified approbation: it is the nature of criticism therefore to deal in censure rather than praise; because its intention is to shew things as they do, and as they ought to exist. There is no character so good as to be perfectly free from blemish; and few so bad as intirely to be deficient in beauty. Though sensible of the delicacy of our situation, with respect to the players; we must not forget our duty as regards the public.

The task we have undertaken, is not deficient in dignity. The survey of an amusement, which is now essentially requisite for public accommodation, cannot be disgraceful from its insignificance, though it may be hazardous from inherent difficulty.

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

Monday, Oct. 26.

Those persons who hope to see Shakespeare exhibited upon the stage exactly as they find him in the closet, will entertain expectations that never will be gratified, and anticipate excellencies which they never will enjoy. Almost all the represented plays of this great bard, are considerably altered, mutilated, or retrenched; and none of them are personated precisely as they appear in the regular editions. This arises from many causes. The length of the plays, the obscurity of some scenes, the unnecessary introduction of others, and the obvious want of connection with the plot, that some long speeches evince. Many excellent passages, therefore, are omitted in the representation which delight in the reading, and the beauty of many destroyed by wilfulness, negligence, ignorance, or temerity. King Lear was altered by Tate, Richard the third by Cibber, Romeo and Juliet by Garrick, Macbeth by sir William Davenant, and other plays by the theatre, among which is the first part of king Henry the fourth. This production is placed by Warburton as the most able of our author's works, and though the authority is not so infallible, as to silence opposition, it is still of sufficient weight to command respect. The character of Falstaff is deservedly celebrated as one of the happiest in-

ventions of the comic drama; though the qualities of his mind were contemptible, yet they were pleasant; he was a coward, yet a humourist; a cheat, yet at the same time a wit so lively, that he excites laughter when he deserved a halter. So much has been said of this character by Johnson, that nothing can be added, which will serve to illustrate or to explain it.

The character of Hotspur, ardent, impetuous, and generous, extorts admiration by his bravery, and excites our smiles by his smartness. Of prince Henry, the character is strongly marked by the most contrasted qualities; which yet are natural, even in their combination. He has virtues disguised by dissipation, which danger calls into operation; he is then "great without effort, and brave without tumult." His defects are rather pleasing than criminal; he is warm and sincere, even in his tavern brawls.

Shakespeare, while his versatile powers in this play are generally confessed, has been hastily condemned for this very versatility. The union of tragedy and comedy in one composition, has been charged as a great fault, which nothing but the ignorance of barbarism can excuse. But critics in thus censuring Shakespeare, if they cannot produce authority, to overthrow this union of the two branches of the drama, ought at least to admit a fair argument in his favour. We maintain there is no authority, which has ever forbidden this combination.

It is contended that the mind is pained by the succession of opposite feelings, though in themselves they may be agreeable, in consequence of the distraction of the attention, to dissimilar objects; and that the feelings themselves cannot accomplish their full effect, for the attention being equally divided by both, the pleasure which either would yield is of consequence imperfect. But this is surely not true, the mind is susceptible of many combinations at once, or in great rapidity of succession; daily occurrences, which often produce feelings intirely different from each other, are impressed on us with sufficient force, though their continuance be often interrupted. In composition it is the same; in Dryden's ode on St. Cecilia's day, the transition from one feeling to another, is sudden and momentary, yet we are sensible of each as it arises.

Mr. Fennel undertook the arduous task of bending the bow of Ulysses, in the performance of Falstaff. To say that he did not accomplish his object, is not derogating from Mr. Fennel, if it be remembered that Quin and Henderson are the only *legitimate* Falstaffs upon record, and that numberless are those who have endeavoured to compass him. Great credit is due to Mr. F. for his success. He wanted humour and ease; but he had both voice and figure. His pronunciation was clear, and the idea was correctly conveyed. We consider him undoubtedly better entitled to the meed of praise, in this character, than any performer who has attempted it before a Boston audience. There was too much stiffness and design however, in his expression.

Give me them that will face me.
[*turning from the prince to the waiter.*
Give me——a cup of sack.

It created a laugh, but was neither Shakespeare's intention, nor a good joke.

King Henry, by Mr. Usher, was on the whole respectable. It wanted dignity and life; but he was generally correct in his utterance.

Mr. Caulfield deserves much praise for his exertions, more particularly for his *correctness* in Hotspur. He gave off this passage uncommonly well.

In Richard's time—*what* do you call the
place?
A *plague* upon 't!—it is in *Glostershire*;
'Twas *where* the mad-cap duke his *uncle* kept,
His uncle *York*—*where* first I bow'd my
knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolinbroke.

Many other instances might be cited; but this is sufficient.

Mr. Fox, in prince Henry, played well in the comic, and indifferently in the heroic part of the character. That fine speech, where he determines to unfold his real disposition and leave his companions, was shockingly pronounced.

Mr. Bernard, Mr. Bernard, what could induce you to perform *Poins*? and having undertaken it, what could possess you to be so imperfect? You spoiled the first scene with Falstaff, by a premature exposure of the plot.

Other characters, as usual, were indifferently personated. Mr. Poe, particularly as sir R. Vernon, mutilated some of his speeches in a most shameful manner. The omission of the one describing prince Harry, at the beginning of his expedition, was unpardonable.

Mrs. Usher, in lady Percy, was agreeable. She performed with animation and elegance.

The dresses and decorations were handsome and appropriate, and we have no doubt, both Mr. Fennel and the audience, were well satisfied with their evening's entertainment.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

IT is much to be lamented, that men whose talents eminently qualify them to defend the cause of virtue should ever employ their pens in disseminating vitious principles. Uncontaminated by the custom of the times, a modern writer, abhorrent of such literary prostitution, utters the following bold apostrophe.

"If ever I convert my pen, which ought to be a weapon devoted wholly to the cause of virtue, if ever I convert my pen to a pistol, or a dagger, for the purpose of raising contributions on the hopes or fears of mankind, may the hand which guides it drop palsied to my side, and the ink which flows from it, converted to deadly poison, circulate through my veins."

AN AUTHOR'S PRAYER.

Thomas Aquinas, one of the few instances in the Roman calendar of a saint who deserved canonization as much for personal worth as intellectual vigor, always used the following prayer on commencing his studies.

ALMIGHTY GOD who art the creator of all things, and the fountain of knowledge as well as power, brighten the understanding of thy servant, and remove that darkness which, through ignorance and sin, envelopes his mind.

Thou who canst make the tongues of infants eloquent, guide my pen, inspire my tongue, and pour upon my lips thy heavenly grace; give me quickness to comprehend and memory to retain, and as a preacher of the word vouchsafe unto me a happy talent of communicating what I know unto others.

Teach me to value all human knowledge only so far as it may prove instrumental in finding for myself, and teaching to my fellow creatures, the best way of rendering us acceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DARWIN.

The following piece of kitchen furniture is evidently aimed at the head of Dr. Darwin. His metrical facility, his custom of placing the verb before the noun, and his incessantly personifying things inanimate, could not but point him out as a fit object for the shaft of satirical parody.

Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair Trochais from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes, upturn'd, incessant mark
Th' eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark;
Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between
Her *much-lov'd smoke-jack* glimmering thro' the scene;
Mark how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose, in one object end:
The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long chain, the polish'd axles glow,
While slowly circumvolves the beef below:
The conscious fire, with bick'ring radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.
So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plumb from out his Christmas pye,
And cry'd in self-applause, "How good a boy am I."

DESPOTISM AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

It was the saying of a Roman Consul, during the reign of the Emperor Nerva, that it was a great misfortune to live under a despotism which would suffer nobody to do any thing; but that it was a still greater to be in a country where every body might do every thing they pleased.

EGOTISM.

Of all sycophants, scourge me those who flatter themselves!—He who speaks peace to himself, when there is no peace, is acting a part he cannot long support—the scene closes—the curtain drops—and he is himself again.

STERNE.

ECCENTRICITY.

When a man is mounted on his hobby-horse, let him amble or trot, or gallop, so he will be quiet, and not let his heart do mischief—God speed him!—and if I feel an inclination to put on my fool's cap, and jingle the bells for two or three hours of the four-and-twenty—or the whole twenty-four hours together—what is that to any one?

Ibid.

It is curious to observe the infinity of opinions respecting the nature of the soul. "Epicurus maintains that the soul is material and mortal; Zeno, that it is only a spark of fire; Democritus, that it is composed of atoms, which, communicating themselves to all the parts of the body, produce its various motions; and Hipponius, that it is a watery substance. According to Diogenes, it consists of air; and the Stoics held that it was but wind. It is advanced by Critias, that the soul is made of blood; by Heraclitus, that it is formed of an evaporation of humours; by Empedocles, that it consists of the four elements; and by Plato, that it is a part of one star. Pythagoras defines it to be harmony; Avicenna says that it was created by the angels; and Metrodorus argues that it is attached to the human body, as an oyster is to its shell. The Emperor Claudius having ordered an advocate to be drowned for detaining the court too long in the defence of his client, the unfortunate pleader earnestly entreated he might undergo some other kind of death, and urged, in support of his prayer, his belief in the doctrine of an ancient philosopher, that the soul was a torch, which might be extinguished in water."

The subjoined simile is as apt and full of meaning, as any to be found in all the various productions of the Bard of Nature.

Hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

As the fertilest ground must be manured, says Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, so must *the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him.* Pope has the same good thought in bad rhyme.

"Many there are, whom heaven has given wit,
"That need as much again to govern it."

ROUGE.

The bishop of Amiens, a pious and yet a facetious man, was requested by a lady for permission to wear rouge. The lady's character was half coquettish and half devotee. "I can give you permission, madam," replied the bishop, "only for one cheek."

MATRIMONY.

Some men, says Erasmus, consult their fingers on the subject of marriage, and thus calculate with nicety the portion which they may probably obtain with their wives. Some consult only their ears, and take a wife on hearsay. Olympias, the mother of Alexander, said of a young man in the court of Macedon, who had married a beautiful woman, but of doubtful character, that he had indeed consulted his eyes, but not his ears.

A LAME CAUSE.

Mr. serjeant Gardner being lame of one leg, and pleading before the late judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him, "he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it." "Oh! my lord," said the serjeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as *plain* as the *nose* on your face."

EPIGRAM ON SUMMER FRIENDS.

Guloso, when I gave a treat,
Was sure my other friends to meet,
Acknowledg'd that I was the most
Amusing man and gen'rous host;
But since, for many a weighty reason,
I scarcely treat but once a season,
Guloso's friendship somehow sleeps,
Whilst he due distance ever keeps.
Tully no more I think a hummer,
Who calls such friends mere birds of summer,
By which the orator intends
To note them as mere *swallow* friends.

A PARODY WELL APPLIED.

A masquerade is not often considered as the school of morality; it frequently leads to vice, but seldom reclaims from error. That it once had a salutary effect, the following story will evince. Lord C—, with many amiable virtues, and many brilliant accomplishments, had a most unfortunate propensity to gaming; in one night he lost three and thirty thousand pounds to the late general Scott. Mortified at his ill-fortune, he paid the money, and wished to keep the circumstance secret. It was, however, whispered in the polite circles, and his lordship, to divert his chagrin, a few nights after, slipped on a domino, and went to a masquerade at Carlisle-house. He found all the company running after three Irish ladies, of the name of C—s, in the characters of the *three weird sisters*. These ladies were so well acquainted with every thing that was going on in the great world, that they kept the room in a continued roar, by the brilliancy of their *bon-mots*, and the terseness of their application to some people of rank who were present. They knew lord C——, and they knew of his loss, though he did not know them. He walked up to them, and in a solemn tone of voice, addressed them as follows:

"Ye black and midnight hags,—what do you do?
"Live ye, or are ye ought that man may question?
"Quickly unclasp to me the book of fate,
"And tell if good or ill my steps await."

First Witch. "All hail, C——e! all hail to thee!
"Once annual lord of thousands thirty three!"

Second Witch. "All hail, C——e! all hail to thee!
"All hail! though poor thou soon shalt be!"

Hecate. "C——e, all hail! thy evil star,
"Sheds baleful influence—Oh *beware!*
"*Beware* that Thane! beware that *Scott*!
"Or poverty shall be thy lot!
"He'll drain thy youth as dry as hay—
"Hither, sisters, haste away!"

At the concluding word, whirling a watchman's rattle which she held in her hand, the dome echoed with the sound; the astonished peer shrunk into himself with terror—retired—vowed never to lose more than a hundred pounds at a sitting, abided by the determination, and retrieved his fortune.

A CHEERING SIGHT.

Walking Stewart having given an account of his being cast away on an unknown coast, thus expresses himself: "After walking a considerable way up the country, we saw a man hanging on a gibbet. The delight afforded us by this *cheering sight* is inconceivable, as it convinced us that we were in a *civilized country*."

TWO BITES OF A CHERRY.

Mr. A. Cherry, the performer, was written to a few years ago, with an offer for a very capital engagement from a manager, who, on a former occasion, had not behaved altogether well to him. Cherry sent him word, that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make *two bites of A. Cherry*.

DOCTOR WARTON.

Dr. Balguy, a divine of great celebrity, having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was, "*All wisdom is sorrow*," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchester school.

"If what you advance, dear doctor be true,
That *wisdom is sorrow*,—how wretched are you.

ALL OUT.

A gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl!—He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out, Sir," says she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman. "She," said the girl, "is gone out too."—"My business is of consequence," returned he, "is your master's son at home?"—"No, Sir," returned the girl, "he is gone out."—"That's unlucky indeed," replied he, "but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by your fire."—"Oh, Sir," said the girl, "the fire is gone out too." Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that "he did not expect to be received so *coolly*."

Anecdote of the Duchess of Devonshire.

As she was rambling one day in the neighbourhood of Cheswick, she was overtaken by a shower, which obliged her grace to take shelter in a small hut, where she happened not to be known: among other topics of conversation, which she introduced in her affable manner, she asked the good woman, if she knew the Duchess of Devonshire? know her, answered the woman, "Aye, God save her, *every body* has cause to know her here, there never was a better lady born." "I am afraid you are mistaken," said her grace, "from what I can understand of her she is no better than she should be."—Returned the poor woman; "it would be happy for you (if you were as good; but you—you'll never be worthy to wipe her shoes"—"Then I must be beholden to *you*, for they are at present very dirty," answered her grace. The honest cottager, perceiving her mistake, ran to perform the office with the greatest humility, which was generously rewarded by the duchess.

SORROW.

Those who weep the most, often care the least; those who cry the longest, often forget the quickest. Lewis the First lov'd Ermengarde, his wife, and says the historian, Volly, *Il la pleura beaucoup, et l'oublia bien vite.*

Books are as often condemned for want of conception in the reader, as want of ability in the writer.

IRISH BARD.

Carolan, the last of the Irish Bards, one of whose songs has been translated by Swift, was a composer, a poet, and a man of genius.

In a moment of jealousy or pride, he challenged a brother professor of considerable eminence, to a trial of skill, who immediately played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. "I cannot excel it," exclaimed the generous Carolan, "but I can play it as well myself."

This he actually did immediately, without losing a single note, and without having recourse to any score, which it was impossible for a man, *born blind*, to make use of.

Carolan was unfortunately attached to usquebaugh as well as music, and is said to have called for a glass of this national cordial in the article of death; but the powers of nature were so exhausted, that he felt himself unable to swallow it; after kissing the cup, he returned it to the hand of an attendant, sunk on his pillow, and instantly expired.

LOVE.

The following very singular and excellent description of this passion is taken from a comedy of Plautus:

Jactor, crucior, agitor, stimulor, versor in amoris rota miser.
Exanimor, feror, differor, distrahor, diripior: ita nubilam mentem
Animi habeo: ubi sum, ibi non sum; ubi non sum, ibi est animus.
Ita mihi omnia ingenia sunt: quod lubet, non lubet jam id continuo.
Ita me amor lassum animi ludificat, fugat, agit, appetit;
Raptat, retinet, lactat, largitur; quod dat, non dat: deludit:
Modo quod suasit, dissuadet; quod dissuasit, id ostentat.
Maritimis moribus mecum experitur: ita meum frangit amentem
Animum; neque, nisi quia miser non eo pessum, mihi nulla abest.
Perdito pernicies.

Plauti Cistellaria, Act ii. Sc. 1.

TRANSLATION.

I'm toss'd, tormented, agitated,
Prick'd, rack'd upon the wheel of love; distracted,
Torn, fainting am I hurried round; and thus
My inmost mind is in a cloud; that where
I am, I am nōt, where I am not, there
My mind is. Such are all my faculties:
I like and like not, as the moment passes.
Fatigu'd in mind, thus Love does draw me on,
Pursues, drives, drags me, seizes, and retains,
Drains me to nothing, and then gives me all:
All that he gives retracts, and so deludes me.
From what he once persuaded, now dissuades;
What he dissuaded, holds out to my choice.
He treats me like the raging sea, and wrecks
My mind to madness. Nor is there an evil
I do not feel, but that I cannot drown,
And sink outright.

Warner's Plautus.—The Casket.

MUSIC.

"Music," said Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. How is it," continued he, "that on profane subjects we have so many fine verses and elegant poems, whilst our religious poetry remains so languid and dull? Those who love music are gentle and honest in their temper. I always loved music," added Luther, "and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art."

ADDISON.

STEELE once promised Congreve and the public a complete description of the character of Addison, but it must be forever lamented this design was not put in execution.

One slight lineament of the character of Addison, Swift has preserved. It was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity. This artifice of mischief was admired by Stella.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.

Could I be permitted in the choice of a wife, to exert the power of a magician, the companion of my future life, during her childhood and education, should possess a disagreeable but a well proportioned and healthy exterior, by this means one great avenue to vanity, presumption, and frivolous manners, would be closed; but, when marriage rites had made her mine, I would exert the omnipotence of my talisman, to give beauty and expression to her form.

VOX POPULI.

Richard Cromwell carefully preserved to the day of his death, two large trunks full of addresses, presented to him when protector, a short time only before he was deposed; these, from the customary expressions used in such compositions, he called *the lives and fortunes of the people of England.*

John Viscomti, the friend of Petrarch, had the following Epitaph engraved on his Mausoleum.

Passenger, wouldst thou know the nothingness of all human power and grandeur, learn what I was, and behold what I am. I had immense treasures, vast palaces, superb cities: my name alone made all Italy tremble. Of what use is all this to me now? Behold me shut up within a stone and devoured by worms.

The following trifle, occasioned by a late medical fracas, is tolerably expressive of the attachment of mankind to professional practitioners.

Two medical men had a strange disagreement,
Which of friendship and unity burst every cement;
The wounds of his honor each endeavour'd to heal,
And this prescrib'd parchment, and that was for steel.
A wag, who stood by, cry'd out in high glee,
"I had rather you'd kill one another than me;
In King's Bench or Hyde-Park, cool your courage brave men,
I fear less from your swords than a dash of your pen;
Your thrusts one *may* parry, your law, Buller quashes,
But your pens are death-warrants and ashes to ashes."

CROSS EXAMINATION.

Serjeant Davy, a limb of the law, famous for brow beating witnesses, had been originally a druggist at Exeter, where he failed, and the perplexed state of his affairs requiring some legal knowledge, by his own personal investigation and study, he attained such dexterity, and discovered so much relish for the law and its mysteries, that he was soon after called to the bar.

At an assize in the west of England, many years after, he had occasion to examine an old woman, in a cause where her memory, and faculties of recollection, were highly serviceable to her friend, but very much against the serjeant's client. The cause was going against him, and he was nettled. "I can re-

member——" said the old woman; "Remember!" interrupted Davy, "why, I suppose, you remember every thing for, and nothing against a friend, who pays you so generously."

"I have no reason to complain of my memory, for I can remember, though it is, God help me, two and twenty years ago, that you yourself were a broken druggist at Exeter," was the matron's sarcastic answer. The serjeant sat down, silent and chop-fallen.

ANECDOTE.

Monsieur De Tourneau, the elegant translator of Young's Night-Thoughts, sold the version for the very trifling sum of twenty-five louis d'ors, to a Madame Ducroné, who made at least sixty thousand livres of the work. Whilst De Tourneau was translating Young, and adding new energy to his native language, he was seldom indulged with a bed, to repose his wearied limbs on; he, and his wife, were often obliged to leave Paris before night, to seek the most convenient and hospitable hedge, in the environs of the capital—but *Milton*, also knew misery in England.

May the wooden walls of Old England never be defaced by "Plaster of *Paris*," is the toast of Ben Block, as given in C. Dibdin junr's. collection of "Songs, sonnets, ballads, and bagatelles."

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

"*The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts*," has received many considerable additions, since the last publication of donations. The following are the principal accessions.

Views of the Collegiate Chapel of St. George at Windsor.

A collection of impressions of ancient gems and medals.

A valuable portrait painting, supposed to be of sir Walter Raleigh—it proves itself to be the work of some master.

A portrait of Angelica Kauffman, painted by herself.

Two paintings. A Tuscan Portico, by Canini. The Daw and borrowed feathers, by Hondekoeber.

Dogs and Wolf fighting—by Mamburgh.

Portrait of the President of the Academy—Painted by Mr. C. W. Peale.

Fine busts of Voltaire and Rousseau.

Some elegant specimens of Glass in blocks, manufactured by Messrs. Pallet and Green of London, and by them presented to the Academy.

The following articles are deposited in the Academy for exhibition.

An elegant collection of impressions of ancient gems and medals, containing above fifteen hundred, selected with great care and taste, and finished in the best manner.

A most valuable and extensive collection of engravings, from the finest pictures of Raphael and other celebrated masters.

A Marsyas, bound—and Flora, of Marble—busts of Wm. Penn, General Washington and General Hamilton, also of marble.

A fine cast from Cerachi's Washington.

Doct. James Ewell of Savannah, has issued proposals for publishing a new work, entitled the Planter's and Marriner's Medical Companion.

Mr. James Humphries of Philadelphia, intends shortly to republish, Dallas's translation of the Life and Reign of Louis 16th, by Francis Hue, which has lately been received from London. The same bookseller has in the press, the life of Hugh Blair, by John Hill.

Proposals are issued by Mr. Lemuel Blake, of this town, to publish a superb edition of Shakspear's works, from Reed's last splendid edition in 21 Vols. Octavo. It will appear in half volumes, at 87 and a half cts. for each half volume. All the commentaries on this great writer will be preserved; and all valuable information respecting his life, writings and opinions, will here be first collected.

POETRY.

CAWTHORNE is one of the Editor's favourites among the modern minor poets of Britain. As copies of his works are in this country rare, he shall occasionally select for the gratification of his readers.

THE PASSIONS.

FROM CAWTHORNE.

TH' immortal Rembrant all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and shade:
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred shadow took off all the glare;
Whene'er that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artist threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory on a pictur'd sky;
Till both th' opposing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the sun.
PASSIONS, like colours, have their strength and ease,
Those too insipid, and too gaudy these:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
Too strong a sunshine, and too rich a day?
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker spirit, and a touch of fire,
Or want, perhaps, tho' of celestial race,
Corregio's softness, and a Guido's grace
WOU'DST thou then reach what Rembrant's genius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew?
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultless as his line;
Let all thy passions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay:
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or confine,
Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine;
With cooler shades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a vail:
So shalt thou live as heav'n itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vig'rous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

A MODERN PINDARIC.

ONCE, when Monopoly had made
As bad as now the *eating trade*,
A Boy went to a Baker's shop,
His gnawing appetite to stop:
A loaf for *two-pence* there demanded,
And down a *tiny* loaf was handed.
The Boy survey'd it round and round,
With many a shrug and look profound;
At length—"Why Master," said the wight,
"This loaf is very, very *light*!"

The Baker, his complaint to parry,
Replied, with look most archly dry,
While quick conceit *sat* squinting on his eye,
"Light, boy? then you've the *less to carry*!"
The Boy grinn'd plaudits to his joke,
And on the counter laid down rhino,
With mien, that plainly all but spoke—
"*With you I'll soon be even, I know.*"

Then took his loaf, and went his way,
But soon the Baker bawl'd him back—
"You've laid down but *three half-pence*, Jack!
And *two-pence* was the loaf's amount.
How's this, you cheating rascal, *hey?*"—
"Sir," says the Boy, "you've *less to count*!"

Thus modern wits against each other fight,
In point *dificient*, and in substance *light*;
But so *profuse* and *pond'rous* are their stores,
To *count* or *carry*, strength and patience bores!

LINES

Addressed to Miss Long, a little Lady.

Where any thing abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But when there's little of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?

The God of Love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou too art *little*—fair as light,
And every thing in *short*.

O! happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song—
Man wants but *little* here below,
But wants that *little* LONG."

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